

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—A Word to the Wise is Sufficient

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



To Marry or Not to Marry—Question for the Individual Only

By DOROTHY DIX.

A sensible, level-headed girl writes me the following letter:

"I am 26 years old, in business and earn a good salary. I am successful in my occupation and much liked by my employer and fellow workmen, but I am not pretty, and, therefore, do not attract men, although I have a host of friends of my own sex. Now, my mother is very much worried because I am not married and harasses me by continually urging matrimony upon me. She seems to think it little short of a disgrace for a girl of my age not to be married."



The modern woman has disproved both of these theories. Nowadays, there is an aristocracy of celebrity among women, and for a girl to remain single does not prove that she was shy on charms, but that she was long on discretion and wisdom. So far from pitying the old maid, she is far more likely to be looked on with envy.

Taking them by-and-large, the unmarried women are better off than the married women. There are more women with good jobs than good husbands. The unmarried women are better dressed, younger looking, more cheerful and contented than their married sisters. It is the wives, and not the old maids, who weep on your neck, and come to you with the sad, sad story of their lives. So no woman who is anxious for her daughter's happiness need badger her into matrimony.

As for marriage offering a soft snap to a woman, it is only the very few women who marry rich men who get even physical ease. No woman in an office, or a store, or a factory, works one-tenth so hard as the wife of a poor man. No woman, no matter how ill paid, gets so little for her labor as the wife and mother, and why the woman who has been through this treadmill wants to push her daughter into it is something past comprehension.

There is just one thing, and one thing only, that makes marriage worth while, and that is love—a love so great and overwhelming that it robs sacrifice of its sting, labor of its weariness, and makes a woman glad to give all and do all for the sake of the man she worships. Unless a girl feels this way toward a man, she is wrong and foolish to marry him, and when she does feel this way she won't need her mother to urge and push her into matrimony.

And when she doesn't feel this way it is a hard and cruel thing of her mother to try to force on her brow a wreath of orange blossoms that are full of thorns.

Women on Stamps

Everyone knows that the French postage stamps are the most beautiful in the world, mainly because beauty is the chief idea underlying their design. But evidently the desire for beauty can be carried too far, as witness the horrid story that comes from French Indo-China. The stamps supplied to this far-off dependency have been of unusually fine design, the centerpieces being portrait and full-length studies of women carefully selected for their charms. It never occurred to any one in France to ask as to the identity of these women it was enough that they were beautiful and that their portraits upon the stamps were decorative to the highest degree. But now comes an unpleasant revelation. It seems that these women are actually not respectable, and that the French postoffice has been directing its best efforts to the perpetuation of faces only too well known throughout gay life in Indo-China. So the stamps have been canceled in a hurry and henceforth the authorities will confine themselves to the safe lines of natural scenery.

But there is no reason why we should not have faces of women upon our postage stamps, and it is a little surprising that women themselves have not attended to this matter. Why should we not commemorate in this way the immortal achievements of Mrs. Belmont, for example, or Carrie Nation, or any of the lesser Agonies who have submitted to the agonies of publicity in their zeal for the public good? There would be a certain delicate symbolism about such a change. Mrs. Belmont's head on a postage stamp would be a sort of reminder to her followers all over the world that they must stick to it if they expect to win—San Francisco Argonaut.

Pointed Paragraphs.
And the Lord also helps those who help others.
When you are offered anything free look for the string.
When a man is down and out his friends are soon up and away.
The value of forethought is often demonstrated by the after effects.
Even your best friends haven't time to do much worrying on your account.
Nothing so completely knocks a contrary man silly as to have you agree with him.
A woman may not realize that she has a good figure until other women begin to find fault with it.
Perfumes and make-up are well to look on the dark side of things once in a while to rest your eyes from the glare.
Some men put everything off until tomorrow—with the possible exception of bill collectors, and they put them off indefinitely.—Chicago News.

Daffydils

OH ADAR SAYS THERE AINT MUCH USE IN TRYIN TO CONVINCE A PARROT.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED. TA-RA-RA-RA-RA. BONES—MISTAN JOHNSON CAN YOU TELL ME THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WOMAN WHO ATTENDS A BARGAIN COUNTER AND A SAILOR. INTERLOCUTOR—NO BONES. BONES—WHY THE WOMAN GOES TO SEE THE SALES AND THE SAILOR GOES TO SAIL THE SEAS.

SKINNY GEORGHEGAN WILL NOW RECITE HIS HEART RENDING LITTLE DITTY ENTITLED "WHY DOGS LEAVE HOME."

OH DO YOU LIKE IT? IT WAS GIVEN TO ME.

NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN!!

HA HA I'M WORKING FOR A CONTRACTOR. NOW ON THE AQUEDUCT. GET UP AT 5 A.M. PACK IN SOME EATS THEN FIGHT MY WAY THROUGH THE CROWD TO THE CAR. RIDE AN HOUR, GET ON THE JOB, SNEEP UP THE OFFICE, CHECK OVER THE STOCK, SORT THE MAIL, GO AROUND THE JOB AND CHECK UP THE MEN, THEN FIND OUT HOW MUCH THE HORSES HAVE EATEN.

HELP TALK THE TOOLS OVER TO THE SHOP, THEN AT NOON SOME GUY ALWAYS RINGS UP AND PULLS THE SICK GAG SO I DO HIS WORK TOO. AFTER MAKING OUT THE TIME TABLE AT 9 P.M. I'M THROUGH.

YEP YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY.

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

The Latest Word on Woman

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Dr. Scott Nearing and his sister, Nellie M. S. Nearing, have written a scholarly yet warmly human book called "Woman and Social Progress." It discusses the American woman from the biological, the domestic, the industrial and the social aspects. The following is from the preface to the volume:

"The American Woman" and "The New Woman," phrases equally employed and misused, are in reality synonymous terms, denoting a woman who, breaking from the traditional activities of womanhood, is turning to a new group of interests and occupations. The American woman is unique. In England she is envied; on the continent she is revered. No where else in the world, except possibly in Australia, does her counterpart exist.

"The distinctive position of the American woman is the outcome of four factors:

1. Opportunity of education.
2. Freedom in choosing occupation.
3. Legal equality.
4. Abundance of leisure.

"Because of these four advantages the American woman is the first woman in the history of modern civilization who can 'pass back' and make her 'sass' good. Her father does not own her. Her husband may not kill her, sell her, nor even beat her. She has been educated to believe that she is 'as good as any man,' she has been sufficiently trained to be able to earn a living, she has numerous opportunities for gainful employment; she is therefore self-reliant and economically independent.

"If she chooses, on the other hand, to maintain a home, she is well fitted for her task. Equality, education and leisure place within her reach the possibility of becoming an effective housekeeper and a mother.

"At all times, the occupational life of the American woman may be a broad one. Before motherhood, and if she does not elect to marry, through her whole adult life, she may pursue her chosen vocation not stigmatized in any way for being a 'working woman.' The American woman, as an independent human being, is presented with the opportunity to contribute in many different spheres her share toward social progress.

"Many ignorant men and a few ignorant women still refer, with a curl of the lip, to 'woman's sphere'—meaning those occupations involving the maintenance of a home, and the bearing and rearing of children.

"Having chosen to build battleships and mine coal, men assume the primal importance of these occupations. Upon due consideration, may it not appear that the development of high quality

manhood and womanhood is, after all, one of the most important activities in which a nation may engage? Men have even concluded because women could not build battleships, mine coal nor make steel that they were inferior to men.

"But wait! What part does the making of character and happiness play in the life of a nation? Perhaps, indeed, the whole future of the republic lies within the realm of 'Woman's Sphere,' for it is there that the new generation is born and reared. Speak of 'Woman's Sphere' if you will, but speak reverently, for through it lies the door of the future.

"During the last century man's sphere has been clearly outlined. Man has become industrial. With his nose close to the grindstone of daily occupation, he is devoting his energies to the production of income. Large scale factories, high financing, vast commercial operations, great industrial enterprises, appeal to a man.

"Unfortunately woman's position in modern society will not lend itself to so optimistic a statement. While man's activities for the next century are definitely determined, woman's activities are, on the contrary, a matter of great uncertainty. Woman's capacity is the great undirected force in modern society.

"The sphere of domestic activity and motherhood is limited to married women; who constitute less than 50 per cent of the women fifteen years of age and over in the United States. The remainder—the girl before marriage, the woman who never marries, and the woman who, for some reason, is forced after marriage to earn her living—await direction in their occupational choices.

"One-half of the race cannot efficiently do the work of the world; hence woman must contribute her moiety to social progress. In order to make this contribution, effective, some definite relation must be established between woman's capacity and her activity. Man, having chosen his sphere and centered his interests, remains comparatively indifferent to woman's dilemma. The co-ordination, therefore, between woman and her life activities must be made by the woman herself.

"The American woman facing this dilemma stands at the parting of the ways: The old world of subjection and dependence lies behind her; before her opens the new world of individual development and achievement. Her opportunities for training have never before been equalled; her opportunities for activity are daily enlarging. Foremost in opportunity, the American woman may also stand foremost in achievement; but it is for her to define the scope of the contribution which she will make to social progress."

Temporary Islands Their Appearance and Disappearance Epitomizes the Earth's History



THE DISAPPEARING ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF TRINIDAD.

The accompanying photograph shows one of the rarest of natural phenomena—a temporary island, which rose suddenly out of the sea, off the coast of Trinidad, on November 4 last, and which has now sunk so low that the water is fast overwhelming it. It has a crater in its center, now nearly brimful of water, as the picture shows.

At the time that it sprang into being a volcanic explosion occurred in the sea bottom beneath, and what seemed a huge column of fire rose to a height of 400 or 500 feet above the water, surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The explosion was accompanied by a loud report heard at Chatham on the shore of Trinidad, and a blue flame, which seemed to shoot out shoreward, caused consternation among some of the inhabitants, and many, it is reported, fled from their houses and took refuge in the brush, intimidated, perhaps, by remembrance of the fate of St. Pierre in Martinique, when a withering blast from Mount Pelee, swept like a beam of fire over hundreds of square miles of territory and destroyed the city and nearly all the inhabitants.

After the volcanic phenomena ceased a new island was seen to have arisen off the coast, from twelve to fifteen feet high, and covering two or three acres, and in the midst of it was a steaming crater only a few feet in diameter. After a while some parties were bold enough to visit the new island, which was found to consist largely of hot mud. With the aid of planks the explorers were able to approach the crater, where the soil was harder. Gas and steam were escaping from the crater, and there was a strong smell of sulphur and of oil. Now, as has been said, the island is rapidly sinking from sight.

This is a miniature example of what has occasionally occurred in various parts of the world. Several years ago a huge new island, hundreds of feet in

height, was thrust up out of the sea off the northeastern end of Alaska, in the neighborhood where similar things had happened before. These occurrences are more frequent in certain localities in the sea than on land, but once in a while a smoking hill rises out of the land, not far from the seashore. A famous example of this is the "Monte Nuovo," or new mountain, which visitors to Naples may see near Pozzuoli, on the shore of the bay. Previous to October, 1538, there was no hill there, but a lake occupied a part of the site of the future mountain. After a long series of earthquakes the ground split open, and the astonished inhabitants of the neighborhood saw the earth beginning to swell up. Flashes of fire issued from it, and through the fissures formed in the ground a great mass of incandescent lava became visible. Heated rocks were shot forth, and the hill grew until it had attained a height of 400 or 500 feet, and it remains to this day with an elevation of 440 feet, although there are no longer any volcanic phenomena connected with it.

In 1591 the inhabitants of the island of Pantelleria, south of Sicily, in the Mediterranean sea, were surprised to see a vast cloud of smoke rising from the sea, three miles from land. Bombs were buried high in the air, from a crater which had swollen up from the bottom of the sea, and an island 1,500 feet long was quickly created. After a few days, when the volcanic activity had ceased, the island disappeared.

One of the most surprising instances of the uprising of a new mountain is that of the volcano called Jorulla in Mexico. This began to spring into existence in a broad, elevated, fertile plain, more than 120 miles from any other volcano, on the night between September 23 and 24, 1789. It attained a height of more than 1,000 feet above the old plain, and it is still in existence. If the Jorulla had risen from the sea bottom it would

have formed a new island. Humboldt, in his "Cosmos," gives a dramatic description of the scene when this new mountain was formed. "The flat soil was seen to rise perpendicularly and the whole became more or less inflated, so that blisters appeared, of which the largest is now a volcano."

Such occurrences show that the earth is not yet free from the changes which in geological times have produced immense alterations in the level and the condition of various parts of its surface. In the course of ages whole continents have risen or sunk, new lands have been thrust up above the level of the sea and old lands have settled beneath it. Some of these changes are yet going on, but so slowly that only the most careful measurements of the elevation reveal these processes in miniature. Multiply the few months that the new island has existed off the shore of Trinidad by tens of thousands, and multiply its area in the same proportion; then substitute for the insects which may have haunted it during its brief existence the men and animals that inhabit the great lands of the globe and you have an imaginary picture of the vicissitudes of the face of our world, which seems unchanging to us simply on account of the shortness of human life, and all of human history, in comparison with the aeons of time that measure the life of a planet.

Nowadays.

"Have you packed the sanitary drinking cups?"
"Yes."
"Put in the sanitary towels!"
"Yes."
"Put the antiseptic soap where we can get at it quickly!"
"Yes."
"Stored away the individual combs and brushes?"
"Yes."
"Got the peroxide in the grip?"
"Yes."
"Then come along. I guess it will be safe for us to spend a day or two in the country."—Detroit Free Press.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

It was awful hot yesterday. Pa fainted when he got hoam. Ma put sum ice on his head, she was cracking sum ice wen Pa calm in, & wen she seen the way Pa looked she



looked at the chunk of ice wich was in her hand & then she put it on Pa's head.

I felt awful sorry for Pa, he had just got back from a democrat convenshun at Baltimore, & he had got in with sum marching club from Chicago, & I guess he marched so much that the hot wether must have hurt him a good deal. Ma & me both felt the heat, of course, but we dident feel it enuff to faint.

I never knew that growed up men fainted, but the minnit Pa came into the house he looked at Ma & me kind of puzzled, as if he was in the wrong house, & then he sed:

"Three cheers for Falton B. Arker, & Billyum Wryan, & Champ Clark, & Baltimore." & then Pa fainted the way I have sed. He fainted all at onst. He just keeled over.

Husbands, sed Ma, afterward, how long did that Baltimore convenshun last?
"It was just over yesterday, sed Pa, & I am glad that it is over. I never had such a hard time beeing a delegate in all my life.

But I thought that the conversation lasted less than a week, sed Ma. Well, sed Pa, the facts in the case are these, the Real convenshun did last about that long, but there was a few of us which

boiled & had a other convenshun, there was almost half of the regular delegates that stayed over, & they was all good sports like me, or else they wudnt have bolted. That is one thing I will say about the crowd that followed me, Pa sed, wen they do anything they doant do it by halves. The minnit they decided that they wanted me for vice president of the United States, to run on the saim ticket with the Bull Moose, they bolted & we had our session in private. It jst got over in time for me to catch the last train out of Baltimore that I cud take & still git here in time to greet my dear little wife. Baltimore is al rite, Pa sed, & politicks is al rite, but after all it sed & done, Pa sed, the sweetest & best thing in all the world is the deer little wife that always greets you with a smile. It is then, looking into her deer eyes, that all the worlds scens primrose & azure, Pa sed.

How much munny did you save out of the wreek? sed Ma.
I cannot speak of sordid things like munny, sed Pa. When I gaze into them violett orbs in your sweet face, then sed Pa, all the world seems to dance away in a mad reel of heavenly joy, Pa sed.

The creditors was here this morning, sed Ma. How strong are you?
I can life 500 pounds with one hand, sed Pa.

I mean how much munny have you left, sed Ma. She dident care anything about Pa's prty speeches, she had her right hand out all the time. Then Pa surprised her. He pulled out about \$500.

It was a poker convenshun we had, sed Pa. That is why the good sports bolted & stayed over in Baltimore. I will keep a hundred for me & give you \$400, sed Pa.

Deer, darling boy, sed Ma. My kins, Ma sed.